ſenſibility has been rendered painfully acute by undeſerved contempt, droop like 'the 'lily broken down by a plow-ſhare.'

It is a melancholy truth; yet ſuch is the bleſſed effect of civilization! the moſt reſpectable women are the moſt oppreſſed; and, unleſs they have underſtandings far ſuperiour to the common run of underſtandings, taking in both ſexes, they muſt, from being treated like contemptible beings, become contemptible. How many women thus waſte life away the prey of diſcontent, who might have practiſed as phyſicians, regulated a farm, managed a ſhop, and ſtood erect, ſupported by their own induſtry, inſtead of hanging their heads ſurcharged with the dew of ſenſibility, that conſumes the beauty to which it at firſt gave luſtre; nay, I doubt whether pity and love are ſo near akin as poets feign, for I have ſeldom ſeen much compaſſion excited by the helpleſſneſs of females, unleſs they were fair; then, perhaps, pity was the ſoft handmaid of love, or the harbinger of luſt.

How much more reſpectable is the woman who earns her own bread by fulfilling any duty, than the moſt accompliſhed beauty!—beauty did I ſay?—ſo ſenſible am I of the beauty of moral lovelineſs, or the harmonious propriety

propriety that attunes the paſſions of a well-regulated mind, that I bluſh at making the compariſon; yet I ſigh to think how few women aim at attaining this reſpectability by withdrawing from the giddy whirl of pleaſure, or the indolent calm that ſtupifies the good ſort of women it ſucks in.

Proud of their weakneſs, however, they muſt always be protected, guarded from care, and all the rough toils that dignify the mind.—If this be the fiat of fate, if they will make themſelves inſignificant and contemptible, ſweetly to waſte 'life away,' let them not expect to be valued when their beauty fades, for it is the fate of the faireſt flowers to be admired and pulled to pieces by the careleſs hand that plucked them. In how many ways do I wiſh, from the pureſt benevolence, to impreſs this truth on my ſex; yet I fear that they will not liſten to a truth that dear bought experience has brought home to many an agitated boſom, nor willingly reſign the privileges of rank and ſex for the privileges of humanity, to which thoſe have no claim who do not diſcharge its duties.

Thoſe writers are particularly uſeful, in my opinion, who make man feel for man,